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NO. 1.

ORGANIZATION.

THE PROBLEM THAT HAS AGITATED WOMEN FOR MANY YEARS.

What Organization Has Done for Females—One Writer Says That It Is a Mistake for Women to Regard Men as Enemies—Men Have Helped Them.

The problem of organization is one which has agitated women who work ever since the sex has been regarded as a factor in industrial competition, and it is apparent, from the almost daily discussions of the subject, that it is no nearer solution than it was at its inception. The relative sides of the controversy, whether organization assists in the amelioration of the sex from the evil effects of prejudice, have many champions who argue the question of principle with much wisdom and enthusiasm. To a casual observer, or even one who is interested in the outcome of the agitation without taking part in it, the affirmative side of the proposition would seem to be the most logical and popular, and there are many evidences to substantiate this view.

It is scarcely ten years since organization was tried by industrial women, and an observer epitomizes the result in these words: "Organization has in the first place compelled the recognition of female workers as competitors by the males, who previously usurped the fields into which women have since ventured and succeeded; organization has demonstrated the capabilities of woman more than individual merit could have ever done; it has rendered women independent of the influences of men in the adjustment of labor and social difficulties and in the matter of compensation."

Taking this view of the matter, which, it may be explained, is advanced by a Wisconsin lady who is much interested in the subject, it would seem that organization has not only done much to promote the advancement of women, but has in addition opened up a broad field for discussion as to the claims of women for recognition in other than an industrial sense. Our correspondent argues that "a woman who, in the face of the strong opposition of men engaged in similar industrial pursuits, succeeds in elevating herself by her own efforts to an equal plane with them, is certainly entitled to consideration as a factor in both the social and official spheres of life."

The argument is so logical and patent to the student of the social and industrial status of women that it needs no comment. The assumption, however, that men oppose the progress of women and in any way seek to retard their advancement and restrict their capacity as competitors is ungenerous and, in a large measure, will do much to inspire prejudice in men against women. The facts all tend the other way.

Men are not only not opposed to women as fellow workers, but would, if encouraged, do more to assist women in their struggle for supremacy than any other influence could possibly do. The developments of the agitation in the past few years have shown this. Working women have appealed to the national congress and to the legislative bodies of several states for recognition and have obtained it, purely through the assistance of men who realized the justice of the demands. Without the assistance of these men the recognition could never have been secured.

Further than this, women have found, when seeking to obtain the questionable benefits of organization achieved by men, that they had only to be sincere to secure the same. If men are once satisfied that female workers are sincere in their efforts to secure independence, and are willing to render all social propositions subservient to the purpose, women will have no cause for accrediting an-

tipathy to men, but on the other hand will precipitate the millennium of their ambitions much sooner than by working alone.

The natural conclusion to be deduced from these conditions is, That women shall combine their own (as yet disorganized and incomplete) interests with those of men. Organization under such circumstances will obtain for a woman what she wants. Men are to be made friends, not enemies. To obtain recognition from their admirably organized systems of industrial pursuits is as much of a triumph for working women as they will ever secure. This can be done by working with them, not against them.—A Club Woman in *Jenness Miller Illustrated*.

A METROPOLITAN WILDCAT.

A City Woman's Remarkable Experience with a Strange Pussy.

A New York woman had an experience a few nights ago which she will not soon forget—one which, considering her environment, was very surprising. Her home is a ground apartment, occupying two floors, however, in one of the high class apartment houses in Fifty-ninth street overlooking the park. The library is on the second floor, and in this room she was seated one night when a peculiar noise from the family parrot, who was in his cage in an opposite room, attracted her attention.

Thinking the bird was merely restless and wanted his cage covered, she picked up a soft woolen couch cover and started across the hall. At the threshold of the second room she saw crouching on the top of the parrot's cage a gray cat, which had succeeded by his weight and clawing in inclining the cage almost to the tipping angle, poor Poll meanwhile traveling up and down the upper side in a frenzy of fright. The unequal struggle could not have lasted many seconds longer, and, urged by the crisis, though really alarmed at the unusual size and fierce appearance of the cat, Poll's mistress advanced into the room shaking the couch cover and attempting, after the manner of women, to "shoo" the cat away.

She had half crossed the apartment when the animal made a spring at her, and but for her quick movement in covering her head with the couch cover which she held her face would have received the brunt of the attack. As it was, the cat clawed violently for an instant at the mass of woolly material in which he was enmeshed; then, aided by the desperate push which the now terrified woman gave him, leaped to the floor and dashed into the library.

Mrs. — recovered her senses and closed the door between herself and the cat, then violently rang the bell for assistance. The maids responded and, after carrying Poll to a place of safety in a remote room, an attempt was made to dislodge the cat from the library. At sight of her pursuers the creature began to rush about, jumping through a brass screen with force enough to break it, knocking over bric-a-brac and loose books, and ending by scaling the window casing as if it were a tree and running out on the bare curtain pole. From this high perch he glared down at those beneath him until Mr. —'s arrival shortly afterward. He was then prodded down and leaped through a window opened for him to the pavement below, darting off to the park as soon as he reached the ground.

Policemen and others familiar with Central park say that stray city cats often find homes in its sequestered nooks, growing wild and raising progeny that become almost as fierce and terrible as a genuine wildcat. In this instance the animal was doubtless driven from its haunts by hunger, and, getting in on the ground floor, was attracted up stairs to the parrot's cage by the scent of the bird and its food.—*Her Point of View* in *New York Times*.

A FLOOD MYSTERY.

TRAGIC FATE OF A COUPLE ABOUT WHOM LITTLE WAS KNOWN.

One Incident Only of the Terrible Destruction of Property and Loss of Life by the Rise of Water in Western Rivers. Heroism and Death.

During the floods of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers and their tributaries the daily papers chronicled hundreds of cases, humorous, tragic and pathetic, which occurred along the banks of these streams from the junction of the two great bodies of water to points below St. Louis. But while hundreds of cases have been described, there have been also hundreds of cases that have not been mentioned.

Homes have been swept away, prosperous men made paupers within a few hours and poor dumb brutes drowned while pleading in their pitiful way for aid. Among the incidents of the flood, too, have been a few instances of genuine heroism which stand out as a welcome relief to the usual somber hues of life.

Among the strangers recently located in this locality just above St. Louis was a man from Iowa. He had settled in a little cabin near the river, and knowing no one was unaware of his danger till he found himself in the center of a sheet of water five miles wide and rapidly rising. Unable to escape, he was step by step driven with his few effects to the flat roof of his cabin, and prepared his frugal meals there for two days. Two men who saw him finally risked their lives to save him, and succeeded in bringing him safe to dry land.

Other similar cases have occurred, in striking contrast with those numerous instances where the possessors of small boats and skiffs have compelled unhappy wretches to give them almost their entire possessions for merely passage to land.

A pathetic and mysterious incident occurred in a southern suburb of St. Louis, known as Happy Hollow, where poverty and squalor usually reign, which embodied in itself very evidently the elements of an interesting romance. Happy Hollow on one side of the street or alley or creek (River Du Peres) doesn't know Happy Hollow on the other side, and doesn't desire to. The poverty and misery, and usually the crime, of each individual is surly and desires no companionship. Hence when a gray haired gentleman and young girl moved into the neighborhood and took a little shanty down on the levee no one asked any questions, for no one cared anything about them. They attracted no attention except for their neat appearance. Their clothes were clean in spite of their manifest poverty, as were also their hands and faces. After Happy Hollow recovered from its shock of surprise at this phenomenal cleanliness, it went its way without another thought of the strangers.

The new residents of Happy Hollow had not been there long when the flood came. By the end of a second day they are cut off from escape and on the third their little shanty was swaying to and fro. The few rough spectators who cared enough to note their distress were indifferent. One or two who had boats called over and asked how much money he had, and when the old man shook his head sadly, they turned off with a laugh and went to the nearest saloon.

One man, less brutal than the others, sprang into a skiff and started over, but he was drunk and, capsizing the little boat, he went to the bottom like a lump of lead. The skiff righted itself and floated along on the water, and the old man saw the only chance for escape drifting away. Springing into the muddy, seething waters, he succeeded by al-

most superhuman efforts in reaching the little boat, only to find that the oars had been lost out. Just as he became aware of this fact he turned and saw the little shanty, washed from its foundations, come drifting down the resistless stream, while the young girl stood in the doorway.

Casting a look of regret behind him, he sprang from his boat, which was a haven of safety, into the water once more and caught the edge of his shanty as it came past. Climbing into the rickety doorway, he had just clasped his companion in his arms when a pile of driftwood struck the little building, tore it to pieces like a child's playhouse and the muddy, roaring waters swallowed up forever two human lives.

A reporter for a morning paper found among the debris washed ashore next day several books with other things from the little shanty. Among them were "Histoire de la Poesie Provencale," by Fauriel; Kant's "Kritik der Keinen Vernunft," and well thumbed copies of Homer and Shakespeare. Each work was in its original tongue, and had evidently been read before. The name of the owner on the fly leaves or inner cover had been carefully cut out, and the secret of their lives, if there was one, was buried with the owners in the muddy and turbulent waters of the great Mississippi.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Setting the Verdict Aright.

Years ago an elderly and brusque jurist from Sandusky used to hold district court here, and on one of his visits a beautiful young woman was tried before him and a jury on a charge of stealing eighty-five dollars from a man. She was clearly proved guilty, but the jury, impressed by her youth and beauty, found a verdict of not guilty.

"Mr. Clerk," remarked the old judge, "pay the eighty-five dollars to the prosecuting witness, it having been clearly proved in this court that the defendant stole it from him, and you may also pay these twelve fools their fees and let them go."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

How His Heart Was Won.

When Colonel Van Wyck was running for congress many years ago in the Fifteenth New York district, there was a certain Irishman who steadfastly refused to give the old soldier any encouragement. The colonel was greatly surprised, therefore, when Pat informed him on election day that he had concluded to support him.

"Glad to hear it, glad to hear it," said the colonel. "I rather thought you were against me, Patrick."

"Well, sir," said Patrick, "I wuz, and whin ye stud by me pigpen and talked that day fur two hours or worse ye didn't budge me a hair's breadth, sir; but after ye wuz gone away I got to thinking now ye reached yer hand over the fence and scratched the pig on the back till he laid down wid the pleasure of it, and I made up me mind that whin a rale colonel was as sociable as that I wasn't the man to vote agin him."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

Natural Paint.

Twenty miles from Newcastle, Northumberland county, New Brunswick, a deposit of natural paint (96 per cent. oxide of iron) has been discovered, and so pure that it does not require refining or even manufacture, since it is ready for mixing with oil in the proportion of two pounds of paint to a gallon of oil.—*Exchange*.

Perfecting His Italian.

Mrs. McLaugh—Is your son goin to school now, Mrs. McGooghan?

Mrs. McGooghan—No, sure, he's t'rew wid the English branches. He's perfectin his Italian now.

"Where?"

"Helpin dig a sewer down on the road beyant."—*New York Weekly*.